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RUTLAND COUNTY HERALD,

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ADVERTISING

Advertisements conspicuously inserted for $1 per square for three weeks; 25 cents per square will be charged for each subsequent insertion.

For the Herald.

FAREWELL.

Oh, gently flow where violets blow,
Thou wild enchanting river;
I've listened long to thy sweet song,
But now farewell forever.

The purple bells in misery dells
In Spring time bloom, sweet river;
And on thy breast with wavelets drest
The sunbeams lightly quiver.

But by thy side at eventide,
As in days past forever,
It may not be to roam by thee,
My own sweet native river.

But gently flow where violets blow,
Thou wild enchanting river,
'Tis not for me to dwell by thee,
Farewell, farewell forever.

M. D. R.

Life Insurance;

OR, THE REASON WHY MR SAM'L POPKIN COULDN'T GET A POLICY.

Samuel Popkin, Esq., was a bachelor.—Mr. Popkin was well enough off in the world—as the phrase goes—but Mr. P had two maiden sisters of an "uncertain age," who feared that their dutiful and affectionate brother might pop off suddenly some fine day, and leave them minus; for, though he enjoyed a very handsome income from his profession as book keeper for the house of Makepenny & Co.—it would avail the maiden ladies nothing after his death; and they urged upon him to apply for a Life Assurance, to be made over to them in case of accident, and so he attended to their joint request forthwith.

Mr. Popkin was growing fat. That is—people of ordinary minds would say so—but his sisters didn't like gross phrases, and so they said he was only getting "portly." Be this as it may, however, Mr. P. was very thick, and very short in stature, and when waddling down State street towards the scene of his daily business, he very much resembled an upright diminutive gin-pipe, locomoted by a brace of ten pins. His eye was small, and round—and when excited, appeared very like a black glass bead, half buried in a fresh oyster. His cheeks were like two bouncing Baldwin apples, and the distance between his fat chin and his chest was so brief—taking into the account a constant habit he had of wheezing when over excited, that it seemed doubtful whether there was any room there for a windpipe! Mr. Popkin always breathed "through his nose."

But Mr. Popkin had examined the advertisement and circulars of the "Mutual Prop'em-up Association" and having bagged a comfortable dinner (Mr. P never ate any others) he sallied forth to wait upon the agent for the purpose of applying for a life-insurance. The door of the agent was directly adjoining that of a broker's office, and mistaking the entrance, Mr. Popkin entered the latter, where two or three of the b'hoys, clerks to the broker, were assembled, an hour after dinner, with no business upon their hands, and ripe for a little fun.

Mr Popkin made known the object of his call, in his customary bland and artless manner, when the eldest of the trio winked at his companions, and informed the applicant that they were ready to wait upon him. After turning the fat gentleman round several times, until his head swam like a top, the foremost of the rascals suddenly jammed his hat down over his eyes, and begged him to be seated; which request Mr. Popkin was about to comply with, very greatfully, when the chair was dexterously withdrawn from behind him and he came to the floor in contact with an earthen spittoon which chanced to be near him, the concussion causing a sensation which he declared one of the most "exto'onerry" he ever experienced in the whole course of his life!

But it seemed purely an accident; and Mr. Popkin with one hand raised his hat from over his nose, and applied the other vigorously to the location of the thump he received in his fall. In a moment after, he he had "got to rights," and drawing up the chair, submitted to be questioned.

"Name, residence, and occupation?" said his interrogator.

"Popkin, sir; Samuel Popkin, Esq., Benson street, accountant."

"Where born?"

"United States," said Mr. Popkin.

"United States," echoed the questioner, turning gravely to one of his companions—"he's a Native American. Will that do?"

The other nodded his head seriously, and Mr. Popkin began to find the room very warm.

"Age, Mr. Poppin?"

"Pop-KIN, if you please, sir."

"Well—your age, Mr. Popkin."

"Forty-four."

"Married?"

"No; bless your soul! No, sir!" said Mr. P. vehemently.

"Ever had the small pox, Mr. Poppin?"

"Never. Popkin, if you please, sir," added the applicant.

"Ever had any affection of the heart?"

"No, sir! Mr. Samuel Popkin is a bachelor."

"Have you ever met with any serious accident?"

"Never. That is—beg your pardon"—continued Mr P., checking himself quickly, and seeming to recollect something of consequence—"there *was* a slight accident."

"What was it, Mr Popkin—no secrets if you please."

"Some eleven years ago," said Mr. P. gravely—and he wiped the perspiration from his glistening forehead—"it was eleven years this fall"—

"Well, sir, out with it—out with it."

"It was no fault of mine, sir—but I was turned out of the Boston Custom-House!"

"Turned out of the Boston Custom-House!" exclaimed the querist letting fall his pen in amazement, and staring at the applicant, apparently thunder-struck.

"I trust, sir, this does not render me ineligible by the rules of your Association," continued the applicant, terribly alarmed.

"We shall see, Mr Poppin."

"Pop-KIN, sir," chimed in the fat man, again—and raising his handkerchief to his fevered cheeks, once more he wiped away the sweat from his face, and wished himself safely at home.

The clerks put their heads together a few minutes, and the eldest then rose very solemnly and approaching Mr P. with a large trumpet placed the bottom of it directly against the side of his ear, and yelled "fire" as loud as its stentorian lungs would permit, causing the unsuspecting and quiet gentleman to start from his chair into the centre of the room.

"Very nervous temperament," said the examiner, gazing at him while one of the others pretended to write down the fact. Then, as if the thought had just struck him, his tormentor wheeled out the desk from against the wall, and turning to Mr Popkin, he said—

"Now, sir—jump!"

"Bless me! Do what?"

"Jump, sir—over that desk."

"Impossible!"

"You must jump clear of the top of that desk, Mr Popkin, or your insurance won't be worth a straw."

The poor victim's imagination was stretched to the last tension, but determined to make an effort to save what had cost him so much trouble already, he nerved himself up, and advanced to the desk—balked—ran back—and then, with a final desperation, sprang to the edge of the railing. The boys stood by, and as he reached the top, they aided his progress by a series of thumps and jerks, when Mr. Samuel Popkin finally found himself panting, and wheezing, flat on his back, upon the other side of the desk. The rubicon was passed, but Sammy was well nigh "done for!"

The wags lifted the applicant up, dashed a pitcher of iced water in his face (by way of relieving his lungs,) and then informed him that he could go and that he would find their decision upon his case in the Post Office next morning.

Half dead with fright and exertion, Mr Popkin gladly hurried away and in his box, next day, he found the following satisfactory epistle:

"The government of the 'Mutual Prop-'em-up Association,' in the case of Samuel Pok-pin, Esq. Accountant, decide that a man once in the Boston Custom House, who isn't smart enough to *stay* there, and who, at forty-four, is unable, without aid, to jump over a desk less than five feet high, is decidedly uninsurable.

PETER SYPHAX, Secretary."

Mr. Popkin gave it up, but he chanced to outlive both his sisters. Posterity suffered nothing by his demise, but to the day of his death, his aversion to all sorts of "Insurances" was most bitter and determined.

A Ruse for a Dinner.

The following characteristic anecdote of Theodore Hook, is given in Barham's life of that extraordinary man. Of the hoax so commonly told and generally believed as taking place at the Spanish embassador's at Woolwich, on the banks of the Thames, Mr. Barham has given a truer and more authentic account. One of the streets near Soho-square, either Dean-street, or Frith-street, was the real scene of action. Hook was lounging up one of those streets in company with Terry, the actor, when they saw through the kitchen window preparations for a handsome dinner.

"What a feast!" said Terry. "Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them."

"I'll take any bet," returned Hook, "that I do,—call for me here at ten o'clock, and you'll find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the wealthy gentleman's champaigne and venison." So saying, he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the burnished knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course he was immediately ushered by the servant as an unexpected guest, into the drawing room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well nigh full, no notice was at first taken of his intrusion, and half-a-dozen people were laughing at his bon mots, before the host discovered the mistake. Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding any opportunity for explanation, Hook rattled on till he had attracted the greater part of the company in a circle near him, and some considerable time had elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, contriving at last to get in a word, "but your name, sir,—I did not quite catch it—servants are so abominably incorrect, and I am really a little at loss——"

"Don't apologise, I beg," graciously replied Theodore. "Smith—my name is Smith—and, as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another. I remember a remarkable instance &c."

"But really, my dear sir," continued the host at the termination of the story illustrative of stupidity in servants, "I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to. I certainly did not expect the pleasure of Mr Smith's company at dinner today."

"No, I dare say not; you said four in your note I know, and it is now, I see, a quarter past five—you are a little fast, by the way, but the *fact* is I have been detained in the city, and I was about to explain when——"

"Pray," exclaimed the other, as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom may I ask, do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Whom? Why, Mr. Thompson, of course—old friend of my father; I have not the pleasure, indeed, of being personally known to you, but, having received your kind invitation on my arrival from Liverpool—Frith-street, four o'clock—family party—came in town—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

"No, no, not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson, it is Jones and——"

"Jones," repeated the self-dissent Smith, in admirably assumed consternation, "Jones! Why surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heavens! I see it all. My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion! I am really at a loss for words in which to apologise. You will permit me to retire at present, and tomorrow—"

"Pray don't think of retiring," exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman; "your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, if, as you say, four was the hour named; and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

Hook, of course, could not think of any such thing,—could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger; if too late for Thompson, there were plenty of chop-houses at hand. The unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call for him at ten o'clock. The good natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to withdraw dinnerless; Mrs. Jones joined in the solicitation; the Misses Jones smiled bewitchingly; and at last, Mr Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies, and take his place at the well furnished board. In all probability the family of Jones never passed such an evening before. Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter, and make good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when, by way of a coup de grace, he seated himself at the piano forte and struck off into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled more critical judges than the Joneses with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and on Mr Terry being announced, his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanza—

I am very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
My friend's Mr Terry the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook.

MRS. FASHIONABLE'S GRAND PARTY.—The beautiful Misses Frivolty were there with their nice, captivating, coquettish airs. Also Mrs Nouveaute, (darling little creature) who said her Ma would scarcely allow her to come, so fearful was she that her pet would lose her sensitive heart or spoil her complexion by getting too much excited.—Mr Exquisite was there, in company with the Misses Brainless, who thought him charmingly agreeable; he had such a remarkable gift at talking nonsense by the hour. All the professional characters from the place were there. Merchants, lawyers physicians and students had all alike laid aside their common sense, out of compass for the weaker sex, which fashionable gentlemen consider really necessary to do when they enter the presence of ladies.—How kind, how thoughtful, how generous! Let me describe the belle Miss Affectation, as she was led to the piano, by a Mr. Dash. Beautiful indeed she was. Her face (which was to an admirable degree red and white) was graced with sixteen glossy curls on each side. By the bye, a friend of Miss Affectation once recommended the use of a powder which would give an air of intelligence, which was wanting in her face to make it perfect. Her fingers, which she ran over the keyes (in the most approved style) were adorned with fourteen rings.—She thought it not best to put on all, as it might obscure the beauty of her hand. It was whispered that when she had practiced the last novel had been before her notes.—After talking, simpering, smiling, and blushing as much as she thought proper, she left the piano, saying it was so horribly out of tune, she really could not play upon it.

At the supper, Mrs. Fashionable flourished in an orange colored dress trimmed with white satin.

The oysters were brought upon the table in rather an uncouth manner by the servant, who, when asked why he did so, sheepishly replied that the borrowed dishes were all in use, and he could find nothing better. During the supper, the ladies some of them found occasion to swoon very gracefully.

The gentlemen were all beautifully silly in their conversation and compliments to the ladies, during the whole evening. It is really to be hoped that such gentlemen will be appreciated in society. What would life be without them?

AN UNLUCKY TEXT.—The following anecdote is none the worse for being authentic.—We get the story from an intelligent friend, who had it from the "victim" himself:—

"Ephraim Maxham," some years ago the able editor of the "People's Press at Middlebury, Vt.—a journal since merged in the "Middlebury Galaxy"—having grown aweary of single blessedness at an early age, got married.—The Sunday following the nuptials which had made considerable stir in the village where the bridegroom resided, the "happy pair" attended the Congregational church, and were walking up the broad aisle, under a sharp fire from several hundred curious eyes, when the parson, announcing his text, exclaimed in a loud voice—"*Ephraim* is joined to his idols—let him alone!" To be "singled out" in so public and unceremonious a manner so soon after he had been lawfully "doubled" was terribly vexatious to poor "Eph" while it utterly ruined the "devotions" of all the "young men and maidens," whose visibility grew none the less as the parson went on repeating the unlucky text, at frequent intervals, to the end of his discourse.—*Boston Post.*

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

The medical writers have often treated of the duration of human life and the influence which particular trades and conditions have upon the health of individuals. From these some curious and well attested particulars may be elicited. It is the general opinion that longevity depends in a great measure upon descent for long lived ancestors, and many instances of the fact may be adduced. More women live to be old than men, but more men live to be very old than women. Indeed, there appears to be provision in nature for the mutual accommodation of the sexes; for at those periods of life when women are weakest and most subjected to disease, men are stronger than at any other period of their lives; then when men by old age become weakened, women have the superiority of strength. More persons who have married live to be very old, than persons who have remained single. It is observed that the number of births exceeds the number of deaths, but the proportion varies in different districts, according to a variation of physical and moral causes. A numerical proportion of births always exists between the sexes, but more males are born than females, which appears to be a provision of nature for maintaining a due equality between the number of the sexes; for the life of man independent of destructive wars is more exposed to accidental causes inducing death than that of women. It is pointed out as a curious fact, that if a man marry a woman younger than himself, the number of boys in the family will exceed the number of girls—but if a man be younger than his wife, then, according to the disparity between their respective ages, the number of girls will equal or predominate over the number of boys. Of all new born infants, one out of four dies the first year, two only attain the sixth year; and before the twenty-second year, nearly one half the generation is consigned to the grave. Attained, however, to the age of maturity, one out of every thirty or forty individuals die annually. Such are the general facts which appear to have been established concerning the duration of human life, but its extension and accompanying happiness must be materially modified by the habits which each individual in his own sphere is led to adopt.

Value of Citizens to the State.

A common laborer is worth $120 a year and his subsistence. Allow for his clothing and luxuries $30, the balance goes to support the state. His employer pays him the $120 and boards him, but the dollars only change hands, and the value of his labor is equivalent both to his wages and to subsistence, whatever that may be. Suppose it be $80, this he consumes, and it is lost to the State; but on the other hand his labor has enriched the State to the full amount of wages and subsistence. He has converted a marsh or a woodland into a meadow or arable field or he has assisted to building a house, or in raising corn, or wheat, or cattle; your tax collector notes in his book the increase of arable land, or the new house, and your Canal Collector forgets not to take the toll on his produce on its way to market.

But all are not farm laborers and the labor of women and children is not so profitable as that of men. On the other hand a farmer working with his heart, his head, and his hands on his own soil, does the work of two common laborers. A mechanic or an artisan works still more, even to the extent of five fold as much as a common laborer. Engineers and many professional men, and judges render to the State services worth 30, 40, 50 per cent, more than laborers. A low estimate of the average annual value of every person in the State is $50. Let us look at the subject in another point of view.

The Hon Horace Mann, of Massachusetts (whose authority needs no confirmation from anything I can say,) estimates the cost of every child before he attains majority at $500. An adult should be worth more than the cost of rearing of child; for otherwise the rearing of children would impoverish the State; which certainly is not the fact. Certainly not in this country, where, as we think, human life is worth more than in any other, and where it behooves the State to look to the preservation of it, with proportionate care. At the South a collection of slaves is worth $400 per head.

I estimate the value of every individual in the State at $750, the loss of 1,500 individuals therefore would be $1,125,000. A diminution of the mortality to the extent of 2 per cent, would add to the average life of every individual of this State nine months and twenty-two days; of only 1 per cent, four months and twenty-six days.—*Dr. Stevens Add.*

THE POPE'S ESCAPE

FROM HIS CAPTIVITY IN THE DISGUISE OF A SERVANT.

The following account of the Pope's flight from Rome into the Neapolitan territory, is furnished by the Naples correspondent of the Times:

"Since the assassination of Mr. Rossi, the Pope remained a close prisoner in the Quirinal; and the Duke d'Harcourt, the French Representative, was compelled to reside in the palace, for the purpose of affording the protection of his person and flag to the sovereign Pontiff. The business of the Government went on in the Pope's name, but without his sanction, and so far did he carry his resolution not to be dictated to, that he refused even to receive the reports according to invariable custom, of the officer of the guard. Such a state of things could not long continue, and the members of the diplomatic corps, as it is said, arranged a plan for the liberation of his Holiness, of which the immediate execution was entrusted to the Count de Spaur, the Minister of Bavaria.

At an early hour, previously agreed to, the Pope retired into a private room for the purpose of apparently conferring with the gentleman I have just named, and there he disguised himself in the livery of the Bavarian legation. In a few minutes the carriage of the minister was called, and the Count de Spaur, followed by the Pope, disguised as his servant, descended the grand staircase, entered the carriage the Pope mounting on the box alongside the coachman. The artifice succeeded—no suspicion arose either in the Quirinal or the outward guards, and the good old man was enabled to breathe the air of liberty. Immediately on arrival at the residence of the Bavarian Minister another transformation was made. The Pope took off the livery suit and dressed himself in the usual costume of the minister's chaplain, or *aumonier*, and M. de Spaur having already given notice of his intention of going to Naples, and received passports from the government, post horses were soon procured, the Count and his supposed chaplain took their places in the carriage, and then happily cleared the gates of Rome. It was some hours before the mistake was discovered, as of course due care was used by those in the secret to say that the Pontiff was engaged in his devotions, and could not be disturbed.—When the flight became known the ministry was thunderstruck, and, as I hear, dragoons were dispatched to bring back the fugitive.—But either measures failed, or the new Government hesitated in arresting the person of an ambassador, and the Count de Spaur, with his reverend charge, crossed the frontier in safety, and arrived at Gaeta, a large town, the first in the Neapolitan territory, not far from Terracina.—The Pope left the Quirinal on the evening of the 24th, and arrived at Gaeta on the night of the 25th."

From the N. Y. Tribune.

What I Know of Farming.

BY PROF J. J. MAPES.

MR GREELEY—*Dear Sir:*—Your favor requesting me to write a series of letters descriptive of my progress in *farming*, is received, and it gives me pleasure to comply with your request.

To detail all that might be useful to others who may wish to avail themselves of my experience, would be difficult, but so far as the allotted space will permit I shall endeavor to meet your wishes.

When looking for a proper locality, I could not but observe that the ridge between Newark and Elizabethtown possessed peculiar advantages for my purpose—the land, although fully susceptible of improvement, had borne an unenviable reputation, and had ever proved unprofitable to its owners.

At the foot of this ridge commences the great salt meadows the surface of which is composed of *organic matter, not in a state of decay*, and this organic matter is evidently the washings of the high and gradually deposited until the surface has risen far above high water mark.

—There are 42,000 acres of these meadows within sight of the very highlands which have been a robbed of their soluble and lighter surface particles, to form them, and, therefore, I could not but desire to remove part of these fertilizing materials, *back where they came from*. It was evident enough from the experiment of others that meadow muck could be decomposed, and rendered available as a manure. But it had not been used with any effect in this part of New Jersey. A few farmers had carted the muck upon their lands, without previously decomposing it, and from not having found immediate beneficial effects, had abandoned its use.—Here, then, was a fine field for one who was anxious to apply Chemistry to Agriculture and who was constrained by circumstances to get at profitable results with but little outlay. Newark, too, was near by, and the offals of the Tanneries, Soap, Glue, Gas, and other manufactories all added to the desirableness of locality; spent lye, spent ashes, chandler's grease, bone and horn turnings spent tan leather chips, hair hide clippings, lime and pigeon dung after having been used by morocco dressers, furrier's wastes, &c. &c., &c. were all to be had at moderate prices, and many of them for the carting. The slight use that had been made of these articles by agriculturists, was in most cases from mere guessings as to their utility, and not from their chemical aptitude to special crops or compost; and, as in all cases where fertilizing materials are improperly or improvidentially used, their qualities as fertilizers were doubted.—These advantages, added to the ready means of finding market for products, decided my choice.

The surface soil of the farm I now occupy is a clayey loam, underlaid with a subsoil of red kells (decomposed sandstone) and occasionally a stream of clay, 4 to 8 inches thick, intervening between the sub and surface soils.

Much of the land is springy, and consequently unfit for cultivation, unless thoroughly under-drained and sub soiled. This has been done on part of the farm, with the most signal success.

I commenced operations in the month of October, 1847, and had only time, before severe frost prevented, to under-drain and sub-soil a part of the land, leaving the surface *ridged*, to be rendered pulverulent by the freezings and thawings before Spring. In the Spring of 1848 the whole farm was deep plowed and sub-soiled, and during the Summer a large portion was under-drained, the whole farm being left ridged again in the Fall of 1848, and thus, at this time (March, 1849), the soil is in a finely pulverulent state and capable of producing crops entirely superior to those of last year.

From Oct 1847 to this time 1,500 loads of muck have been brought from the meadows, converted into available manure and plowed into the land; in addition to which large amounts of offals from factories have been used. During a shower, I followed the course of the gutters of Newark, for the purpose of ascertaining if the wash did not find in its course across the meadows to the river some low point of deposit for its sediment, and found what had been originally an extensive ditch, but then filled up to the surface with the deposit from the street wash. This ditch has been cleared out and carted upon the farm. I have repeated all the published processes for converting muck into manure, and have found many of them to prove efficient. My stables, hog pens, &c., have been rendered auxiliary for the rapid conversion of inert organic matters to fertilizing materials and most of the special manures recommended by Johnson and others, have been tried under the different circumstances calculated to test their relative merits. During the series of letter, of which this forms the first, I propose to give the particulars of my operations—including the rationales of the supposed advantages arising from sub-soil and deep surface plowing also the different methods I have adopted for the manufacture of manures, the comparative values of the different manures used so far as ascertained, the supposed and ascertained advantages arising from under-draining, &c.

In illustration of theories it may also prove necessary to recite in a general manner the modes of culture of some of the crops referring your readers for more minute and accurate information on them and other subjects connected with Agriculture generally, to the 'Working Farmer,' which I am now editing. In accordance with your request, I will detail my method of feeding working cattle, swine, &c., &c. On the farm is an old orchard of apple and other fruit trees, most of which were considered valueless from age, but they have been revived and are now in renewed vigor, having given full crops of fruit during the past year. The farm consists of 32 acres of arable land, which is sufficiently large for any farm so near New York, as the price of land is too great anywhere within 30 miles of that City to devote it to raising either grass or grain crops; farmers near large markets can better afford to buy their supplies of these articles and raise in their place such crops as will pay better profits and in the production of which they are not brought into competition with the cheaper lands of Ohio, Western New York and elsewhere. As an illustration, an acre of land of good quality in the vicinity of New York is worth $200, the interest of which is $12 at 6 per cent; suppose the average cost of tillage, manures, taxes, &c., to be $12 per annum, making a cost in all of $24 per annum, and if applied to raising hay as average crop 2 1-2 tons per acre at $10 per ton will be $25 leaving a profit of $1. None of the cereals will do enough better to pay, but still, with proper crops, as I shall be able to show, fair but moderate returns may be secured.

I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

JAS. J. MAPES.

MAMMOTH HOGS.—The Prairie Farmer states that Mr. S Stephens of Half Day, Lake Co. Illinois has some hogs passing under this name, which he describes as very extraordinary animals. They attain their growth in six months, and may be fattened to weigh from 200 to 250 lbs. without any difficulty. They possess extraordinary length of body—a sow now in his possession measuring 5 feet in length—with remarkable short legs being scarcely six inches above the ground. They are prefectly symmetrical very quiet and docile in disposition and furnish pork of excellent flavor. Mr Stephens states that the breed may be found in Broome and adjoining counties of New York.

A CLEVER BOY.—A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said. He can read fluently in every part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and word onions as well as his father.' 'Yes mother,' added the young hopeful, 'and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hockley's gimlet.'